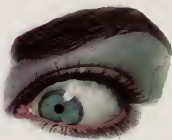


HELP!

OCT. • ICD • 35c



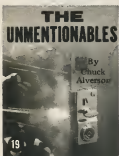
Lots of luck,
Sweetie.

HELP!

VOL. 2, NO. 7

OCT

HARVEY KURTZMAN editor
JAMES WARREN publisher
TERRY GILLIAM associate editor
HARRY CHESTER production



EDITOR'S PREFACE

COVER

In pressing a talent search for the girl to grace our cover, we interviewed a breathtaking series of cover-girls. In order to determine who would be "just right," we took test shots, à la Ben Turpin, of everyone. We believe we are now the possessors of the finest photo collection in existence of cross-eyed high fashion models.



Cover, Normalized

FUMETTI

New York City has some pretty peculiar laws. One is that you can't go about waving submachine guns—working or otherwise—in the public streets.

This quaint statute was only one of the elements that made the shooting of this issue's "Unmentionables" fumetti full of fun. This fact, coupled with the



Henske Acts and Henske Sings



necessity to shoot several scenes of mixed men and artillery on the street, turned the entire company into a clutch of nervous wrecks.

First, while shooting a scene calling for large garage doors on the street, we carefully lined up the location for the sequence (right around the corner from a friendly police-station)—instructed the group, kept the car motor running for a fast get-away—the performers were crouched in the rear of the station-wagon, waiting to pour into the street, guns at the ready—"Lights! Action!"—just as our photographer was about to trip the lever on his Brownie, he found a little old lady tugging at his elbow and

demanding, "Does the bus stop anywhere around here?" True to the little old ladies' code, she kept clinging to the frantic group, demanding detailed transit information. Finally, we gave her a wild bit of misinformation and she left—our gutsy players leaped from the car, did the scene and beat it.

Other minor adventures came when our hearty crew of adventurers—the director, the producer, the cameraman and his assistant, a clutch of actors and their arsenal of heavy weapons, squeezed into the creaky elevator at our Earle Hotel location in Greenwich Village, pushed the UP button, and found themselves slowly sinking to the basement—victims

LETTERS

The story of "The Ski Weekend" is a terrific one, and I laughed like hell reading it, particularly so knowing the people who were involved, and put it together. The entire issue is just wonderful in my opinion. I just hope the guys at the mountain get as many jolys from it as I did.

Harry Curran
Wilmington, Vt.

I enjoyed so very much "The Ski Weekend" in May's HELPI.

You did a very fine job.

I wonder if it might be possible to obtain Miss Sally Mock's (Donna) address. I would like very much to write her to see if she would model for me sometime in the future.

J. Ronald LaGassey
Free-lance Photographer
West Haven, Conn.

When we open the Agency—we'll let you know.

Incidentally, Jim Hampton who played Hans in "The Ski Weekend" has gone on to star in films—a short that was nominated for an Academy

Award this year and the May 25th episode of Gunsmoke, playing second only to Matt Dillon, himself.—eds

I think I am becoming addle-brained. I have sent for back-issues of HELPI!

I do not understand the reason why this sudden urge has come over me.

Dennis Richard
Lawrence, Mass.
Sleep, Dennis, Sleep. And when you awake—buy! Buy more HELPI's, Dennis, buy!—eds.

Eugene Talmadge and Sears Roebuck Co. was absolutely fabulous! More, if you please, of this Wm. Price Fox. He is excellent.

Jeff Patton
Milton, Wisc.
Bill Fox has made his way since the May HELPI having sold two stories to the Saturday Evening Post and one to Harper's.—eds.

I am a constant reader of Life, Look, Time, Saturday Evening Post, and Rogue magazine. I picked up a copy of your magazine last week. I am still a

constant reader of Life, Look, Time, Saturday Evening Post, and Rogue.

Yogi Cavaliers
The Bronx, N.Y.



With 5c stamps

The attached little message must be the work of your agent provocateurs. How did you get Mr. Day to plug you with every package of five-cent stamps? How did you develop such interest among the mailmen—I thought they hated magazines (just ask 'em).

J. C. Roberts
Arvada, Colo.
Wonder Wart Hog is the greatest thing since Kool-Aid (stop) Carl Treseder
Los Gatos, Calif.



Hampton and Mock

of a severe case of overloading.

This fumetti's cast is distinguished not only by its record-breaking cast of 17, but by the stellar quality of the personages.

Judy Henske, who portrayed the double-dealing Selma, is a blues and folk-belted singer without parallel. Praised for recent stints at the Village Gate and the Bitter End in such varying journals as *The New York Times*, *The Village Voice* and *Peoples World*, Judy is a parochially schooled, girl from the Midwest who, tempered by adversity with the "ill-fated" Whiskeyhill Singers, is bound to go to the top—a bitchin' singer and a Great American.

Her new album, out on the Electra label, is called simply enough "Judy Henske," and has been compared favorably to everyone from Mahalia Jackson to Ezio Pinza, but when she takes the stage, it's all Judy. Rapt attention and strong palms are all that are called for.

Sitting in as Mr. Big in our fumetti is Woody Allen, a young comedian of blinding insight, unerring wit and expensive vocabulary. Wearying of being pelted with money for writing for some of the biggest names in comicdom, Woody of late has taken to the smoky dens and piercing spotlight himself.

It would be unfair to compare Woody with any other freelance funnyman now going. He's smaller than Mort Sahl, bigger than Wally Cox and has never said an unkind word about the Andrews Sisters.

As Elliot Knish, Jim Miller, a young actor, took to the tommy-gun and sneer as if to the chopper born. His Unmentionable followers were: Charlie Brown, a pugnacious musicologist, as Fritzi; Dean Cohen, an actor, as Crocetti, and Bob Shaw, a percussionist with the American Ballet Theatre, as Pastafazool (the short one with the fiendish leer).

Others in the cast included Rutilio Omero as Knuckles Mafia and in the other roles as thugs, wimps, molls and picnickers: Jerry Reinsteint, Joan Cameron, Rex Eckley, Jane Meltzer, Peg Gay, Lizzie Kurtzman, Bunny Richmond, John Forsha (Judy Henske's guitar accompanist), Terence Gilliam (producer), and Chuck Alverson (author).

INSIDE THE METS

Are the New York Mets the stumble-

bums their position in the National League standings would indicate? Is Casey Stengel really a combination of W. C. Fields and Mandrake the Magician? Are the "New Breed," as the Met fans are called, unregenerated Kamikaze pilots?

In order to seek the answers to these and other burning questions of the times, we sent cartoonist Jack Davis up to the ramshackle Polo Grounds (currently defying gravity until the Mets' new stadium is finished) to give the Mets the once over. Along with Jack went a photographer, a writer, and a softball team from Brownie Troop 303, which trounced the Mets soundly.

On page 10-14 you'll find the answer to what happened when Jack Davis and the Mets came together eyeball to eyeball—and everybody blinked.



Davis at the Polo Grounds Press Box

When the hell are you going to start putting HELPI! out once a month instead of just once in a while? God, how long do you expect a person to wait to find out what will happen to 'Wonder Wart Hog'?? My hero . . .

Don Schwarz
Brooklyn, N.Y.

Wonder Wart Hog is pretty neat! I can't wait for the next exciting episode!

I generally don't dig "cute kid" comics, but I like "Miss Peach" and "Peanuts." I liked the Percy Crosby reprints very much too, which proves the old adage that "If you like 'Peanuts' you'll love 'Skipper'."

Jay Lynch
Roselle, Ill.

Having followed your exploits since you masterminded Humbug, and, if you forgive the expression, Mad, the fine but ill-fated Trumbo, and last but not least, HELPI! I consider you one of the finest cartoonists, writer, and editor in the field. You not only possess these qualities, but you have the foresight to surround yourself with other greats . . . Bill Elder and Jack Davis. But, I

ask you, Harv . . . The WART-HOG? Really!

Pete Millar
Lomita, Calif.

I am not a newcomer to your list of fans; while I was in Ga. Tech I ran across a copy of Mad Comics, bought one for myself and have tried desperately since to keep up with your work and the work of the cartoonists we associate with you. I have a PLAYBOY collection dating from '54 and a "Kurtzman collection" dating from '53. I'm a self-styled connoisseur of fine cartooning, though I'm equally delighted with the non-cartooned gems among your works. I am a loyal fan of Kurtzman, Elder, Davis, Wood, Jaffee, Roth, and, of course the others too; I get their work where and when I can.

When HELPI! hits the stands, whoever sees it phones around: "There's a new HELPI! out!" It meets all the standards we have come to associate with your name. And "Little Annie Fanny" is great. You and the artists of your various works have brought quality presentation and art into an otherwise abused field

for more than ten years now. It's quite a contribution and we appreciate it.

Lyle A. Brooks
Atlanta, Ga.

In your August 1962 edition of HELPI! on page 45 at the bottom was a picture in which you satirically and disrespectfully applied the opening phrase of one of our most holy pieces of written material. I think this showed no humor, but a very vivid example of ignorance and sacrilegious qualities of those concerned in the situation. This type of literature has a much deeper and significant meaning other than a bad hard joke which is

a slur and an insult to those who hold this passage in high regard, as it well should be.

Terry Cobb

Auburn, Ala.

I think HELPI! is very funny, but it is too sexy. When I started buying HELPI!, my older brother stopped buying PLAYBOY and a few others. I can see why.

Michael Oliver

Millinocket, Maine
Well, we ARE contemplating the possibilities of opening a string of HELPI! key clubs—ads.

Please address all mail to HELPI! letters, Department 19, 501 Madison Avenue, N.Y.



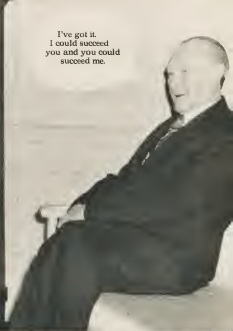
"example of ignorance"



Bring on
the bunnies!



I've got it.
I could succeed
you and you could
succeed me.



Ah'll take
one of each.



We'll
teach them
to snoop around
Sunnydale
Ranch.

REVENGE OF THE VIRGINIA SLAYERS: WILSON



Gimme
that film, kid,
or I'll bust
your camera,
too!

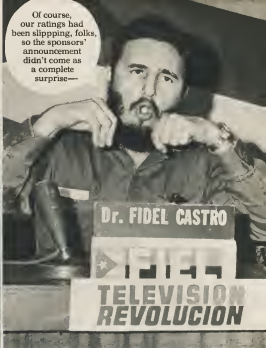


Don't
start the
washer!

Then
with a quick thrust
through here, we can
wipe out
Boeing.



Of course,
our ratings had
been slipping, folks,
so the sponsors'
announcement
didn't come as
a complete
surprise—



It's
over there
the Indian
restroom.



Practice!
Practice!

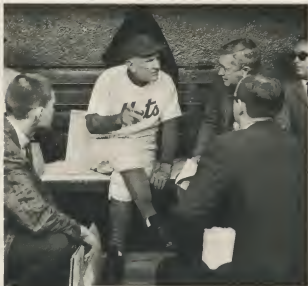


Did you hear
a discouraging word?





A funny thing
happened to me
on the way to the
lunch counter.



The "Ol' Professor," Casey Stengel, enthralis Cartoonist Jack Davis and other dugout loungers with tales of the Mets and other things.

JACK DAVIS

MEETS THE METS

by Charles Alverson

According to the sports writers on the New York dailies, the Mets have been the main reason for a rebirth of interest in baseball in New York City. Everyone dismisses the Yankees. (It's like cheering for General Motors.)

In order to check out this phenomenon for *HELP!* readers, we got together a merry little group (myself, Jack Davis, an unfrocked cartoonist, and photographer Sid Washer.) packed a bag full of yak sandwiches, wrung friends and relatives by the

(Continued on page 14)



"Some of the older fellas are really bustling to make the club . . ."



"You got plenty of stuff today, Jackson, baby!"

"Well, let me tell you about these here Mets of mine . . . you take Krauspool . . . I think it was 1921 . . . or this feller which was one of the reason we didn't lose more games than we did . . . he can hit left-handed pitching—except some times—he can hit right-handed pitching, usually, and he can pinch hit unless it rains and the game's called off . . . I think it was 1927 just after I left the Phils or maybe the Braves that I first laid eyes on "Rabbit" Venuti, but he never got to play . . . Now, the Mets aren't the Yankees . . . You remember that feller which played second for Baltimore when it was still in the American League or was it Kansas City? Well, if Willey could win more and lose less, his average'd be better I believe . . . but you take Norm Sperry . . . or even Roger Craig, I believe it was during the '42 series that I was saying to Clark Griffith . . . and he couldn't agree with me more . . . Anything else lil' ya want to know?"





"Let's see now . . .
 if we win tonight and the Braves,
 Colts and Phils lose two
 and the Reds get rained out . . .
 we're tied for ninth place!"



"But I don't shave yet!"



"I got it!"



"I got it!"



"I got it!"



"There's this ball, see? And they throw it.
I think the whole thing is a
sophisticated type of keepaway."



"You mean while I thought I've been following
you to the Lincoln Center for the Performing Arts,
you've been going to the Polo Grounds?"



"Where'd it go?! Where'd it go?!"



"The way I figure it, they either want our autographs or blood."



"Wait till next year!"

(Continued from page 10)

hand and wound our way to the Bronx to the Polo Grounds.

The most impressive thing about the Polo Grounds is that it hasn't fallen down yet. They say it is not mere coincidence that all the security guards lean against the walls as they do their tasks. Happily, though, the Mets are habitually so deep in the cellar that even if the stadium collapsed it couldn't hurt them. The Polo Grounds was scheduled to collapse this year but Shea Stadium, the Mets' new home, isn't finished yet so they had to call it off.

After being reluctantly admitted to the dugout area by a guard, we stood around trying to tell the players from the grounds-men. The guards' average age seems to be about 70. Like the Polo Grounds, these elderly guards will be used just for this one more year and then traded in for younger ones.

The one thing that was of interest was Casey Stengel, the 73-year-old manager who was bounced from the Yankees for a severe case of old age but who is the Mets' number one attraction. Jack Davis was introduced to Casey by a Mets P.R. man, and they talked a while. Casey is a non-stop talker who doesn't really need—and I think may actually resent—a too-active partner in conversation. Just when we had begun to think Casey would never stop talking, a quorum of fans had arrived, voted for the game to begin, and

we were hustled up to the press box to observe the Mets at work.

The Mets fans are supposedly a "new breed" of baseball fans. They don't look particularly different from the usual sort who has nothing better to do with his evenings than watch grown men throw and bat a ball around, but once the game began signs of the "new breed" began to appear.

First off, they are probably the most partisan crowd since the Christians used to lose regularly to the lions. Kranepool struck out—the crowd roared their support. Hickman caught a pop fly—the fans went wild. Snider scratched his posterior—pandemonium reigned! But you have to admit the Met fans are well-equipped. Signs and banners declaring undying love for the Mets, no matter what, a variety of musical instruments from bugle to glockenspiel, and a battery-operated megaphone were only part of their paraphernalia.

In addition the Met fan is generous to a fault. With hardly any encouragement, and the downright discouragement of the fellow on the public address system, the Met fans proceeded to throw everything but their undershorts down onto the field with shouts of glee. Down in merry profusion hailed programs, paper cups, confetti, smuggled in beer cans, apple cores and, very nearly, one of the over-aged security guards. In addition, the Met fan is a lousy fielder. Throughout the evening

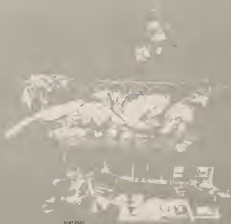
a profusion of loud fouls were lofted into the stands to bounce off the fans' laps, hands and heads, with scarcely a one fairly caught.

Finally, the Mets won out over their maladroitness—probably in honor of our attendance at the game, we thought—climbing perilously near the dizzying heights of eighth place. Pushing our way



Jack Davis talks over the Mets and their prospects with announcer Lindsay Nelson.

through a crowd of the "new breed" who were waiting outside the stadium for the other team to board their bus so they could rub the defeat in a little, we boarded the southbound IRT subway content in the knowledge that America will always remain a first class power as long as there are Mets and Mets fans.



WATSON

Two Roads Forward and Back

by

Richard F. Gibbons

We are proud to present the following story, the manuscript of which was delivered to us at night by one Iguona, who was carrying it in his teeth. The Iguona then departed, and was last seen entering a thicket on the outskirts of Williams, Tenn. . We think the author has a message here for all of us. If you find out what the hell it is, will you let us know?

OLGA put down the newspaper she had been reading and walked to the window. She glanced up and down the street, and then looked at her watch. It was eight o'clock at night.

She returned to the chair in which she had been sitting and smoothed out a cushion. She sat down with a sigh. And it was then the doorbell rang three times.

Olga rose from the chair and walked swiftly across the room. She paused at a hall mirror and tucked a stray wisp of hair in place. Then she opened the door. A light draft swept around her ankles and into the room. But nothing else did.

There was no one there.

She closed the door softly and leaned against it. Her breast heaved. Her ears twitched. Her nostrils quivered. There was only one thing to do. She threw back her head and whinnied.

A hlaire of music came from the living-room. She went back in and looked at the radio. It was turned off. She turned it on and the music stopped.

Her breast heaved again and she lit a cigarette. Her breast stopped heaving. Her little dog came in the room.

Olga harked at him and he went out again. His breast was heaving, too.

She went to the mantel and took down a picture, ornately framed. She looked at it and sighed again. There was nothing in it. It was blank. Blank, like her life.

God, she said.

Damn, she added.

How did it ever end? And when would it start? Or was she a little confused? She sat down with a book, written in French, and read for a while in boredom. She was a linguist with six languages at her command, none of them French.

She went to a cupboard and took out a bottle. It was full of a pale brown liquid. She put it to her lips and drank deeply. Then she coughed, wiped her mouth and studied the bottle. The cork was still in it. She thrust it back in the cupboard and ran her hands through her hair.

That was her existence. That was the story of her life, better than words could tell it. Drinking from a bottle with the cork still in it. God, what a farce. She studied her breast, heaved it a couple of times. God, what a breast.

She rang for the maid. A man came in.

Who are you?

I'm the butler.

I rang for the maid.

Why? Did you want the maid?

No. I didn't want the maid. But I like to ring for her. Can't I ring for the maid if I feel like it? Can't I pretend life is not a mocking travesty, a hollow farce?

What was that word again?

Hollow, hollow.

Well, hollow to you too, kid. And listen—if you want the maid, ring for me. If you want me, ring ME 2-7872. Besides, you haven't got

a maid. In fact, you haven't got a butler, either.

She started to ask how he had gotten there, then, but saw that he wasn't there. Had he ever been there? Had she herself ever been there? Was everyone mad? Was there a God? Was it raining?

She went to the window and looked out. There were raindrops on the inside, none outside. She closed the window, though it hadn't been open.

Rain pelted her in the face. The lights went out and the room was dark and menacing. Outside, there was a cacophony of shrill sound—to her, a symbol of life's mocking laughter.

She leaned out the window. Her breast heaved again. She heaved herself after it. Down she fell like a plummet, screaming.

In the room, the French book, spread out where she had flung it, fluttered its pages until "Finis" stared at the ceiling. The music from the radio—still turned off—faded and died. The picture on the mantel fell face down, though it had no face. The bottle in the cupboard popped its cork. The cork popped it back.

The little dog pattered into the room, whimpering. He went to the window and looked out. The rain-soaked curtains whipped about his head.

His whimper rose to a mournful, drawn-out dirge.

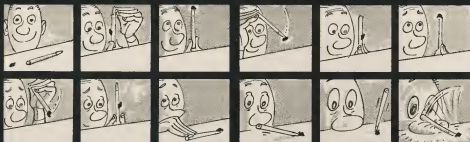
He was hungry.

END

A THOUSAND PICTURES WORTH ONE WORD by Harvey Kurtzman




continued-



THE UNMENTIONABLES

Story by Charles Alverson • Jim Miller as Elliot Knish • Judy Henske as Selma • Charlie Brown as Frizetti • Bob Show as Pastafazool • Dean Cohen as Crocetti • Woody Allen as Mr. Big • Rutilio Omero as Knuckles Mafio • Rex Eckley as Psychiatrist • Jerry Reinstein as Child • Assorted thugs, molls, wimps, babes & picnickers: Joan Cameron, Peg Gay, Jane Meltzer, Bunny Richmond, Lib Kurtzman, John Forsha, Terry Gilliam, Chuck Alverson.



In the Roaring
Twenties when near
beer was king, there
was a man who stood in
opposition—virtually alone—
to the gongster czars
who sought to flood
the country with
ersatz hooch—

That man was Elliot Knish, head of
the famed—Unmentionables . . .

the bootleg Borans' worst enemy.

This was a man sworn to the
proposition that any beverage
with more than .5 per cent alco-
hol was the Devil's brew . . .



... and any amount of violence
was okay in the battle against it.

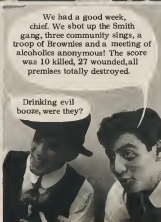
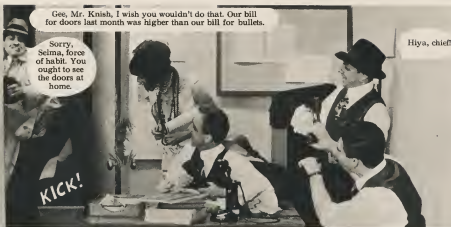
In short . . .

THE UNMENTIONABLES

ELLIOT
KNISH
BOSS

... he was a MEAN MOTHER.





What's the matter with you guys? Here Mr. Big's gang is flooding the town with bad hooch and all you do is kill and maim Brownies. I suppose one of them was the Mayor's daughter?

No, Chief, but the Governor's wife was at one of the community sings.

Honestly, sometimes I think you guys aren't trying. How about you, Selma?

Let's see—17 suits for false arrest, 13 veiled threats, 7 direct threats and your bar bill from Sluggo's Speak-easy. Oh, yeah, we got an anonymous letter that Mr. Big is expanding his operation to include no-cal hooch.

Take a letter! Dear Mr. Big: I just heard about the expansion of your business and I want to say you got a lot of nerve.

SLAM!

I don't get mad easy—

But you guys have aroused my ire!

RRIP!

Goodness knows, we Unmentionables have enough work without you making it all the harder! So stop it!

KICK!

CRASH!



What kind of salutation
do you want on the letter?

Yours truly.

RRING!

Hello? A tip on
a prohibition
violation? Hot damn!
Thanks!

Come on,
boys, time
for busi-
ness!



**RADADADAT! POW!
BANG!**



And
get that
letter
out.



Let
me
shoot
'em
first,
boss.

No,
me first.
You promised
last time.

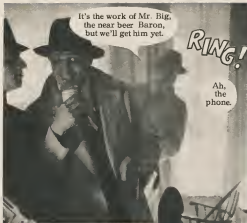
Now, you
know as boss
I always get
first shots.



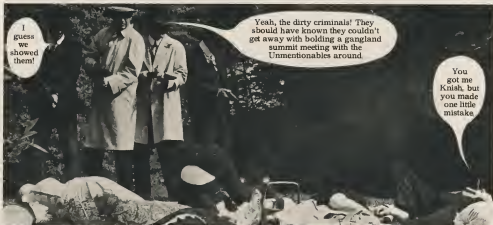
This is the
place,
fellas.











I guess we showed them!

Yeah, the dirty criminals! They should have known they couldn't get away with holding a gangland summit meeting with the Unmentionables around.

You got me Knish, but you made one little mistake.



I'm Knuckles Mafia, but these people aren't my gang. They're my relatives. This was the Mafia family annual picnic, they didn't know my true profession. They thought I was in advertising.

You mean all those people were merely innocent bystanders?

That's about the size of it.



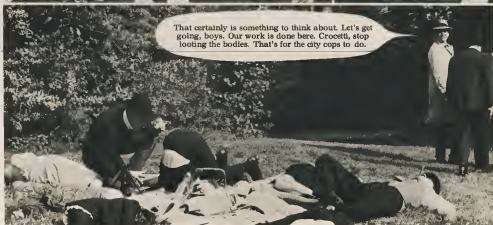
Well, violence begets violence, you know.

I hadn't noticed we were being particularly violent at the time, Knish.



Well, you *might* have been.

All too true. You'll have to excuse me now, I'm going to die.



That certainly is something to think about. Let's get going, boys. Our work is done here. Crocetti, stop looting the bodies. That's for the city cops to do.

But this little faux pas on Elliot Knish's part didn't change the pattern of the violence forced on him by the nature of his job as the fight against the forbidden grape went on—

Take that, you rum runners you!

RATAT-TATAT!

BAM!

POW! POW!

They got "Baby" Pignatari and his disguised curbside speak . . . and



the "Clever Charlie" D'Agostini bootlegging and bingo mob.

POW!

RATAT!

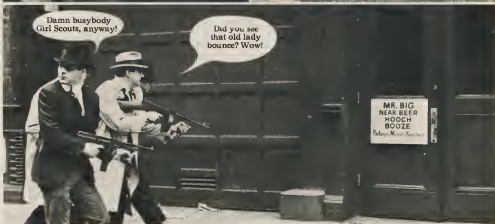
WHAM!

But then one night the Unmentionables got a tip on the location of the hideout and brewery of Mr. Big, great-granddaddy of all the gangs that the Unmentionables had so violently expunged. Unfortunately, on the way they ran over a troop of Girl Scouts helping an old lady across the street.



Damn busybody Girl Scouts, anyway!

Did you see that old lady bounce? Wow!



Okay, men, let's
break down the
door in our inimitable
manner and give
Mr. Big the business.

**MR. BIG
NEAR BEER
HOOCH
BOOZE**

Packages Mailed to Yugoslavia

Ah . . . hello there. I thought
I heard someone at the door. I'm Mr.
Big. Come in. Come right in.

Elliot Knish, Chief
Unmentionable, and
these are my men . . .
Frizetti, Pastafazool . . .
Crogetti.

**MR. BIG
NEAR BEER
HOOCH
BOOZE**

Packages Mailed to Yugoslavia

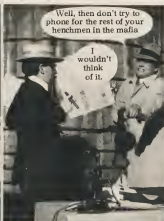
Cbarmed.

My
pleasure.

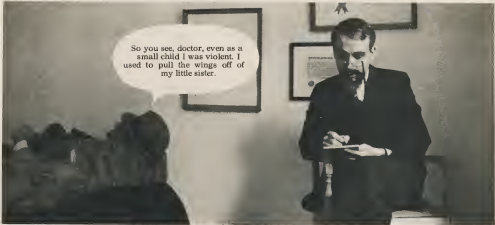
Hey—
wait a minute!
This is a
brewery and
we're here
on business!













So you see, doctor, even as a small child I was violent. I used to pull the wings off of my little sister.



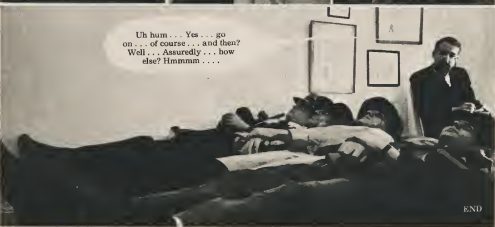
Then after quitting high school I didn't have a trade and so I took this job—I hadda be violent.



I was just trying to do a good job . . . I mean, against master criminals what's a little old violence?



. . . a few guys machine-gunned . . . I mean . . .



Uh hum . . . Yes . . . go on . . . of course . . . and then? Well . . . Assuredly . . . how else? Hmmm . . .

END

ECONOMY IN MATCHES—I

by H. M. Bateman



(Continued)



JIM. BAYNE 1918





"And furthermore, you say to the customer, 'I'm your bunny, sir,' not, 'Eeh,... what's up, doc'!!!"

help's public gallery

We welcome contributions to this feature. HELP will pay a significant \$5.00 for every aside cartoon used. Mail submissions to HELP! 501 Madison Avenue, New York City. Please be sure to enclose a stamped self-addressed envelope to ensure return of all rejections.



1



2



3



4

Merton Backlund



"Why yes, I have my radio on."

Peter Brack



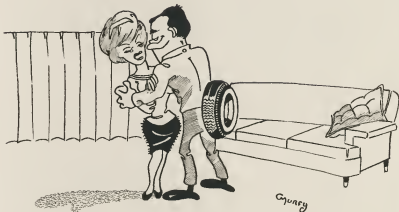
"Bwana Devil wishes to speak to Number 1 boy."

Ken Schneider



"Sir Winston, wrong sign, Sir Winston, . . ."

Larry Walker



"Oh, Arnie, you're so continental."



"But, I only want to make friends with the animals in the forest."



"I told you never to shoot towards populated areas, didn't I?"



"What kind of monster have you created, professor?"



"Boy, did our tailors goof!"



"Hey, are you trying that hair-spray test on my mirror?"

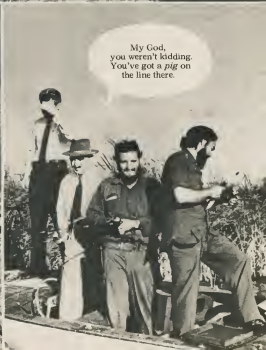
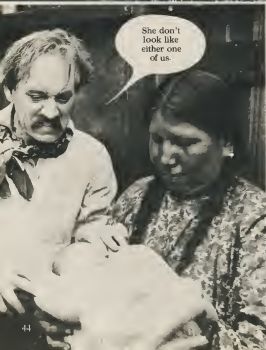


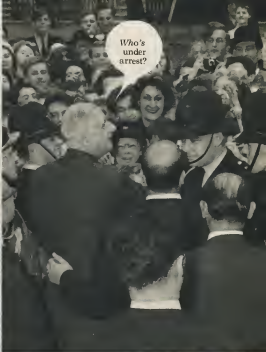


Gee,
thanks.

THE
GOVERNOR
AND
HIS LADY

THE
GOVERNOR
AND
HIS LADY





Why,
it looks
like a small
tape
recorder.

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You level the automatic at her belly! Her eyes plead with you. You slowly squeeze the trigger. Zap! The top flies open revealing a cache of cigarettes. Now her eyes hold fear. You squeeze the trigger again. Snel! The barrel spits flame and you light her Marlboro. "It's no use, Doris," you murmur, "I'm sending you over." You pocket your persuader, turn up the collar of your trenchcoat, and disappear into the dusk.

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If you're the guy people say about, "Oh, that's only Sherman," this is just what you've been needing. This HELP! belt will make a new man of you. It'll give you a steely gaze, firm grip, broad shoulders and curly hair. It'll even hold your pants up. What more can you ask? The HELP! Buckle is made of 1" case-hardened steel with just a dab of Krypton for luck. The belt is of 1" top quality elastic. Order this to individual size and you won't regret it. "Some guy that Sherman," they'll say. "He's got savoir-faire. He's got poise. He's a real case of the nonchalance. He's got..." \$2.95.



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THE UNMENTIONABLES ^{AM} IS COMING!

SEE PAGE 19



